04/08/2020 Heartbeat



## Heartbeat











## Chapter 1 by Pigletpaige

I run.

I have been running for a long time.

Running from fear. Hate. Love.

Running from foster homes only to be caught only days later.

Now I'm running again.

My last foster home, that bright pink house on Forrester Lane. It's owned by an older lady named Rose.

Now, don't get me wrong, Rose was a sweet lady and all, but I don't think I could eat one more bite of ham loaf.

Foster home number 15.

## Chapter 2 by Ravenisk



That foster home seemed to have a presence like no other, which was why I ran as fast as I could. Farther away from those who could find me. Farther away from the me I didn't want to find. As I was running I looked back and found darkness creeping behind me. Maybe this time, I hoped. I could get far away and even start a life of my own. Maybe even meet someone who

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I had to accept I was alone in the world. Nobody understood me or what demons followed me, always nipping at my heels.

The running part was easy. I could get distance between the pink house on Forrester Lane and myself. Avoiding the authorities and keeping a low profile would be harder. The minute a young girl stops a stranger and asks for money or food an alarm goes off. The police or child services are soon called.

But not this time. I had taken a hundred dollars from Rose's purse before slipping quietly out the front door. I felt sorry for doing it to the nice lady but it was necessary for my success. With cash in my pocket, I could keep a low profile.

First, I had to decide where I was going. I needed a plan.

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